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Essex County Herald.

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Mistaken.

Ye say that love is strong as death;
Ye know not what ye speak.
Shall love be as the feeble breath,
The color on the cheek?

Stronger than death or woe or time
Is He who rules above;
And though the storms of ages chime
His own words, "God is love."

Death is the subject slave of love;
For love is God on high;
Stronger than death, love rules above,
Till death himself shall die.

LITTLE TOM-BOY.

You would hardly believe how little she is; so round and small that people, when they pass her, turn around to look once more, and smile a little; they know by the very look in her roguish eyes that she is the greatest romp in the city, and she knows it too, and doesn't care.

Somebody, her fond mamma, I suppose, being no judge of character, had named her Dora; such a sweet, mild name being plainly thrown away on our little Tom-boy, her big brother shortened it to Dick; she likes it, she says, and feels like kicking anybody who calls her Dora or Sis. Of course, only a Tom-boy would feel like kicking.

She goes to school; she commenced the very day she was six, for her mother declared she couldn't "stand it" all day any longer; since she has been at school she has climbed over the school-house fence twice, quarreled and made up with every boy in the class, quarreled with every girl, and only made up with two, killed a chicken in the next yard with a stone, and committed a multitude of smaller offenses, too numerous to mention.

I'm afraid the teacher likes her, and is loth to punish her; she used to put her on the boys' side; but Dick looked out through her fingers (she pretended to be crying) and laughed with her neighbors, showing her preference so plainly that the teacher determined to punish her some other way after that.

One day, when Dick had been very naughty, she took out her long rattan, and called her up to the desk, fully intending to forgive her on the first application.

But Dick made no professions; out went her little plump hand as bravely as could be; not hesitating a moment.

"Dick," said the teacher (even the teacher called her Dick), "I don't want to whip you."

Dick looked the teacher straight in the eye, and never said a word.

"Do you want me to whip you, Dick?" she said, after waiting a moment.

The little girl shook her head; she had been very brave, and still held her hand straight out, but the teacher's eyes looked so kind, she began to melt; she even felt a tear away in the corner of her eye.

"Tell me you will be good," said the teacher, putting down the rattan, "and I'll forgive you this time."

"I'll try to be dood," said Dick; she said it in a very low voice, for she knew that that tear had slipped out of the corner of her eye, and was creeping down her soft cheek; and she didn't want the boys to know that she was crying.

"Very well," said the teacher; and somehow, whether it was the shining tear creeping down the soft cheek, or the round little hand held out so bravely, or some other reason I do not know of, the teacher never took out her rattan, and said, "Come here!" to naughty Dick again.

One afternoon she played truant. It was a shocking thing for a little girl to do, even if she *was* a little Tom-boy, and she heartily repented of it, and was determined from that day, never, never to do it again.

She had been to her lunch, and was loitering back to school, thinking all the time how hot the school-house would be that day, and how much nicer it would be to stay out of school, and play "Robbers and Police" with Joe Lewis and the washer woman's boy Tim.

Yet she never thought of playing truant, but just walked slow, and chased a hen, and peeped through the bars of Mrs. Hewett's fence, and wondered if there was a bird's nest in the top of the tall tree. By and by she saw Joe Lewis; he was standing in the middle of the street, kicking the dust with his copper-toed shoes.

"Hi, Dick!" he called out.

"Hi!" replied the little Tom-boy.

"You're late," said Joe.

"I ain't," said she, with a little tremor of horror in her voice. To be "late" was a prime offense, in her teacher's eyes.

"You are, though," replied Joe; "so'm I, but I ain't a-going in to get a lickin'. *I'm* a-going to play hookey; but you daresn't? *you're* too much of a gal!"

"Oh, toward!" said Dick, scornfully, "to stay in the middle of the street!"

"I ain't so much of a coward as you are," said he; "for I darest play hookey, and you daresn't!"

"Pooh!" said foolish Dick, "I ain't afraid."

Just then they saw a lot of men and boys running down a cross street, about a block away.

"Where all zem boys going?" demanded Dick.

Joe deeming peace to be firmly established, now came up on to the sidewalk; Joe was eight and had a very frowsy head. "I'll tell you what I think, Dick," he answered; "I think they're going to a fire; and let us go too! I've never been to a fire in all my life."

"Nor I," said Dick.

So they took hold of hands, and started off down the street at such a pace, that a big boy, sitting down in the shade of a fence at the corner of the street, said, "Phew! race horse!" When they got to the corner of the street, the men and boys were a long way ahead, but they were not to be daunted, and kept on in hot pursuit; away they went, keeping hold of hands, so as to run faster, up one street, down another, and across a third, dodging under the heads of the horses, and running into such dangers as would have made their mothers' hearts turn sick with terror if they could have seen them.

And after all, the crowd melted away, and they couldn't tell where the fire was, or if there had been any; and they were so warm, that they had to sit down on two or three shop-door sills to rest; and to their suprise, found that the shop-keepers didn't like it, and told them to go away, or they "would put a head on them."

"What street is this, Joe?" asked Dick; she began to suspect that she was a long way from her quiet home.

"I don't know," replied Joe, "I'll ask this man."

He did ask him, but the man walked on without answering; then he asked another, and then another, but nobody paid any attention to him, and poor little Joe, thought he *was* a boy, and eight years old, and so very brave about "playing hookey," began to cry.

"Don't!" said Dick, who felt not the least fear, "I'll ask somebody myself."

She walked up to a very tall, very grand lady, and looking up with her bright, brave eyes, she said:

"Would you please be so kind as to tell me what street this is?"

The lady stopped and smiled; somehow the very grand look went out of her face as she bent her head and looked down into the little Tom-boy's face.

"This is Kearney street, dear," she said; "are you here all alone?"

"Oh, no, marm! Joe is here, too; we've both runned away and played hookey."

The lady looked astonished, as well she might, at this frank confession, and began to ask Dick her name, and where she lived; finally she took out her purse and gave her two street-car tickets. "You go down to this next street," she said, "and get into the car, and tell the conductor where you live, and he'll let you out at the nearest street, and then you will be all right; you and the little boy can find your way then, I guess."

"Thank you, marm; I'm very much obliged," answered Dick, politely; whereupon the lady laughed, and patted her cheek, and walked on.

"Come, Joe," said the little girl, "don't cry; babies cry; I've got some car tickets, and we're going home, now."

This news seemed to cheer up poor Joe, for he wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his jacket, and took hold of Dick's hand as though he had perfect confidence in her ability to take him home.

All would have gone well, now, and the two runaways might have reached home before dark, but, as they walked along, looking in all the shop windows as they went, they happened to brush up against a tall, well-dressed Chinaman; perhaps he was a rich merchant, for his clothes were very handsome.

Dick did not notice his clothes, however; she only noticed his long queue hanging down behind; the spirit of mischief never failed within her; she caught hold of it, like a little Tom-boy as she was, and gave it a sharp pull.

She did not wait to see what he thought or said, but dashed across the street, through an alley and down another street, before Joe quite realized that she was gone.

He did realize, however, that the Chinaman was very angry, for he caught hold of the collar of his jacket, and gave him a sound drubbing, in spite of his sobbing protestation that it wasn't him.

As soon as he could see for tears, he looked around for Dick, but she was nowhere to be seen, being three or four blocks away by that time; and, as he had the tickets, he couldn't think of anything better to do than to get on the car and go home; which he accordingly did; and his mother, who was just anxious enough to be provoked, gave him another drubbing, by way of mate for the Chinaman's.

At first, Dick went along, singing softly to herself; I think she was rather glad to be rid of Joe and his tears, and felt free and happy without his company.

She found a fine mud puddle, too, and two little boys playing by it, who didn't understand mud-pie making half as well as herself, so she offered to help them; an offer which was gladly accepted.

They were delighted with her, and she with them, and they played very gaily until their mother called them in to supper.

Then Dick began to feel very strange and lonely; she was hungry and tired, and it was dark; she wondered if she would ever find the little home, or ever see her mother, and father, and big brother again. Somehow, the courage dropped in the brave little heart, and as it got darker and darker, she got sadder; at last, she turned her face against a wall, and began to sob bitterly.

Nobody noticed her for a while; but at last a gentleman stopped, and said, "What's the matter my little girl?"

"I want my mother," sobbed the little Tom-boy—Tom-boy no longer!

"Where is your mother, dear?"

"Home!"

"Where is your home?" he asked.

She told him.

"Why!" said he, "I live pretty near there, myself; come with me and I'll take you to your mother."

"Please do!" said Dick, wiping her eyes; "I'll never run away again, if you will."

The gentleman took her hand, and led her along with him.

"So you ran away, did you?" he said.

"Yes," answered Dick, in a very subdued tone, quite unlike herself, "I played hookey with Joe Lewis, and went to a fire."

"My soul!" cried the gentleman, laughing until the tears came into his eyes, "what a little mite you are, to do such dreadful things!"

"I'll never do it again," said Dick, solemnly, "never, never, never!"

When the gentleman rang the bell, Mary came to the door, looking very anxious, although she often told Dick that she was "The torment of her life."

"Have you lost a little girl here?" he asked.

"Indade we have, sir," she answered.

"Oh, Mary," cried Dick, "I'll never do it again."

Then Mary screamed for joy; and the pale mother came out, and by and by the father and big brother came in, and such rejoicings were held over the little Tom-boy as never had been heard of before.

Poor Joe almost cried when Dick told him that she didn't get a whipping at all, but sat up until ten o'clock, and had four doughnuts. He wishes he was a girl, and thinks there must be guardian angels always watching little Tom-boys.

A Cat Embroglio.

A very serious affair, says the *Pal. Mall Gazette*, has just taken place on Mount Lebanon, caused by some cats. It appears that his Excellency Halet Pasha lately sent a present of cats to the Saltan, and received a snuff-box in return. The Commander-in-Chief thereupon set his officers to catch any long-haired cats they could find in order also to send a similar present to the Sultan. Sufficient cats having been captured, Ressa Bey, the son of his Excellency Izzet Pasha, started for Constantinople with his precious cargo. The snow, however, fell deeply on the mountain, and the wagons conveying the cats could no longer proceed. The cats were then transfeered to mules, but the mules also being unable to get through the snow, the cats were intrusted to six men. At about thirty miles from Beyrout, Ressa Bey and his cats met fifty soldiers under the command of Yusaef of Agha. The officer saluted Ressa Bey and passed on; but when the cat-bearers were at a distance of 150 yards from the soldiers, the latter turned round and deliberately fired on them. The cats were for the moment in great danger, as one bullet passed through a box in which several of them were contained. Fortunately they all escaped untouched, but one of the men was killed on the spot, one died the next day, and three others were dangerously wounded. About 200 cartridge cases which had been used were picked out of the snow on the following day, and the affair is now under investigation. As the cats were not injured, it is improbable that any serious notice will be taken of the *contretemps*, unless to risk the life of a cat intended for the Sultan is considered as heinous an offense as in the days of Howel the Good, A. D. 938, when by a Welsh law, quoted by Pennant, it was enacted that if any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the Prince's granary he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of its tail.

A Narrow Escape.

An engineer on the Hudson River Railroad told the writer of a narrow escape he experienced only a short time ago. After twenty-four hours' continuous service, he was ordered out with a "through freight" from New York to Albany. He protested against the assignment, as both the fireman and himself had already done double duty, and were in danger of falling asleep. The foreman of the yard, however, had no one else to send, and insisted that the engineer should run the train. So he started. After a run of two hours he yielded to his overpowering exhaustion and—as his fireman had done some moments before—fell asleep! He knew no more until awakened by the conductor, who had come forward to discover what had caused the stoppage of the train, and had found both men curled up and asleep on either side of the cab. The throttle was wide open, the reverse lever was "notched down" well forward, but the steam-gauge registered only eighty pounds pressure—some pounds less than was necessary to haul the heavy train. The engineer was not awakened a minute too soon, for it was then half-past one A. M., and at two o'clock they were due at Poughkeepsie switch to make way for the express which left New York at eleven o'clock and overtook the freight at Poughkeepsie. The blower was put on, and in five minutes the guage showed a pressure of ninety pounds, and the train covered the eight miles between it and Poughkeepsie in about two-thirds of the time that is usually consumed. Fortunately, the conductor was a staunch friend of the engineer's, and that terribly dangerous nap remained a secret as far as the management was concerned.

Saved from Disgrace.

David Van Buskirk, who is now the Master-Mechanic of the New York, Boston and Montreal Railway, tells of an interesting incident that occurred while he was an engineer on a Western railroad. He had collided with a passenger train, through mismanagement on the part of the engineer of the passenger train, and one or two coaches were smashed and his own engine was injured to a great extent. He feared the displeasure of his superintendent, and was brooding over his misfortune as he neared the end of his trip, when a singular opportunity to retrieve his reputation presented itself. The "round-house" in Winona, Minn., whither he was bound, took fire in the roof, and when Van Buskirk arrived with his engine he found that the efforts which had been exerted towards quenching the flames had been of but little avail, and the fire bade fair to burn down the building and destroy a number of new engines which were nearly ready for service. Without a second thought Van Buskirk ran his engine into the burning house, and, pulling down the escape valve with all his strength, let the steam, at one hundred pounds pressure, escape in a rushing, screaming volume, whose force carried it up to the burning roof. The effect was instantaneous and wonderful, for in less than five minutes the fire was extinguished. Van Buskirk was carried out of his cab in an almost suffocated condition, but he had the satisfaction of gaining not only approval but immediate promotion.

Titles in Great Britain.

Nothing can seem more perplexed and complicated to a foreigner than the arrangements of the English Peerage. For example, most strangers are acquainted with the general principle that a peer can only have a seat in the House of Lords, and cannot have anything to do with the House of Commons. So far everything is clear. But the first time a foreigner listens to a debate in the House of Commons, he hears perhaps the Marquis of Hartington is in fact no marquis at all, but merely Mr. Spencer Campton Cavendish, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, having, according to English usage, the title "by courtesy" of Marquis, a title without any legal effect, and which will not serve as a description of its possessor in any formal document. If the son of the Duke of Devonshire has to be described formally, he is spoken of as "the Hon. Spencer Campton Cavendish, commonly called Marquis of Hartington." He therefore may be elected to sit in the House of Commons, which House in fact swarms with elder and younger sons of the nobility, bearing courtesy titles.

This much, too, one foreigner easily understands; but he suddenly remembers that Lord Palmerston was a member of the House of Commons up to his death, at the age of eighty-one, and he asks in consternation, was his too only a courtesy title, and was Lord Palmerston's father living at the time? It has to be explained to him that Lord Palmerston was a Peer with a genuine title of his own; but then he was only an Irish Peer, not entitled, unless elected a representative Peer, to sit in the House of Lords, and therefore qualified to be chosen a member of the House of Commons. Then perhaps he is puzzled about Lord Russell, who he knows sat in the House of Commons for a long time, and now sits in the House of Lords, and who has not succeeded to any peerage in the meantime, for the head of the house of Bedford is alive and well, and Lord Russell is far out of the way of the succession in any case. But here comes in a new condition of things. The Queen conferred upon Lord John Russell in 1861 a peerage of his own, and he sits in the House of Lords as Earl Russell.

In fact, we have at least five distinct classes of nobles who possess or are courteously gifted with titles. There are peers of England, peers of Ireland, peers of Scotland, peers of the United Kingdom (created since the legislative union of the three countries), and the sons of peers who bear titles of courtesy. The peers of England and those of the United Kingdom sit in the House of Lords by right, and cannot be elected to the House of Commons. The Irish and Scotch peers sit in the House of Lords only when they are elected as representatives of their order there, and when not so elected they may be chosen to sit in the House of Commons if they can render themselves acceptable to a constituency. The bearers of courtesy titles may sit in the House of Commons, but not in the House of Lords.

Sad Suffering.

Among the numerous cases of suffering which have recently been brought to public notice in New York is that of a poor Hungarian woman living in Second avenue. Once—as was gathered from her almost unintelligible English—she had owned some real estate, and being unfamiliar with our language and laws, she had committed her business to the care of a pretended lawyer, who had cheated the poor woman out of the results of her hard earnings. She had been living for weeks past upon fragments of bread obtained from neighbors.

"You look sick," said a visitor, "and have a cough; have you no fire in your room?"

This question seemed to puzzle the poor woman at first. The idea seemed preposterous. She had not had a fire in her room, she said, for eleven weeks. Then holding out her right foot, the answer to the first part of the query was given.

"I have tried," she said, "to borrow two dollars to get a pair of shoes for my feet, but no one would lend or give to me. And," pointing her finger toward her lungs, she added: "the cold of the streets and of the snow comes up here, and I feel sick and faint."

In answer to a further inquiry whether she had had anything to eat or drink that day, she answered in the negative—nothing only a few ends of loaves. When her immediate necessities were relieved, her joy and gratitude seemed boundless.

What is Spent for Liquor.

The amount of money spent for liquors throughout the United States during 1870 was $1,487,000,000, which, if increased by $90,000,000, the estimated criminal fruits of liquor drinking would reach the astonishing sum of $1,577,000,000. Even Massachusetts's share of this was directly $27,979,575, though this did not include the worse than useless prohibitory machinery and the expensive and corrupt State Constabulary, which make of the liquor traffic an excuse for existing in default of any other. New York spent $246,617,520. On the other hand the country spent in flour and meal, cotton goods, boots and shoes, clothing, woolen goods, newspapers and job printing $905,000,000. It was estimated that the amount of liquors consumed was sufficient to fill a canal 4 feet deep, 14 feet wide and 80 miles long, and the number who drank the stream dry would, if formed in a procession five abreast, make an army one hundred and thirty miles long.

A COMPROMISE.—A shiftless fellow had been boarding a long time with his landlady, and had paid nothing, until she finally made out his bill, and handed it to him. "Madam," said he, "I have but one way to pay this bill: I must stay and board it out."

Mr. Beecher's Farm.

It Pays—Everybody But Himself.

At the Rural Club dinner, Henry Ward Beecher said:

I knew that you all understood I was a farmer; but speaking not being my vocation, I did not know that you would call upon me to speak. I expect when I die to have on my tombstone, "The farmer of Westchester County." As such, I want it to be remembered that I have lived a life of usefulness. I have a farm of some thirty or forty acres, and I am often asked whether my farm pays. I always say, "Yes—everybody but myself." It has set up three or four men in business; they have built houses off of my farm, and there are several more that are just going to build. Yet although it has not taken care of me, as near as I can remember I have always taken care of it. If I have not derived much from it in pocket, I am sure I have derived enough in enjoyment to make it a profitable investment. I look forward to the day when I may be released from the contaminations of city life and may retire to my farm in the country. I can say truly that when I go among trees I am better pleased with my company for the most part than I am when among men. I find I never had a tree that lied to me, and, although they do a great deal of whispering among themselves, I have never any reason to suppose there was any scandal in it. I find in nature neither peevishness nor trouble-making, but much instruction and much comfort. After a man has been in the excitement of active life I think there is nothing more wholesome than the bath which one gets by going into the country. I think there is no inheritance, there is no blessing that anybody can confer upon his children, no money, no name that can compare with a gift for natural scenery and rural occupation. The gift of being in the presence of nature is a greater gift than any fortune that can be imagined. I am sorry to say that this is a gift less often found among those who live in the country than anywhere else. I see a great many persons that talk about the country a great deal indeed, but they know very little about it with the inward man. But to love it until, soliciting it, it loves you; until when you go there the trees lay bare their shrines, and bend and welcome you, until nature herself perceives you and wants to be the almoner of God's bounty—that is a pleasure which we cannot expect everybody to have. The New York merchant has got to be worth several hundred thousand dollars if he is going into the country to live and be a farmer. He buys a place, and I look over to see what he does with it. He has been reading books and taking advice from men, and he begins on it to lay off his ground and build fences, stone walls or hedges, and he goes on to drain it and square it up and deepen it, and to buy manure infinite and transport it without regard to cost to enrich the whole soil, and he builds a fine barn and then a fine house, and at last to slick up everything around about him; and when he has got to that point nature lets go of him, and he yawns and begins to be restless, for he has nothing more to do. The fact is he has been mechanical, and the only thing in nature is that it gives him something to do, and so at last he sells the place for about one-half what he gave for it, and goes back to the city and says, "You tell me about farming, I have tried that; I know what that is."

Wool and Silk Suits.

How to make spring costumes for church, visiting, and brides' traveling suits is the query of correspondents. Pretty shades of gray, either the clear hue, or the slate gray with blue tinges, or the greenish sage gray, are selected for these; the skirt and sleeves are silk, the over dress and flounces are cashmere or vigonia. A tasteful French design for these has a sage gray silk skirt, trimmed with a straight vigonia flounce three fingers deep in front, and much deeper behind. The lower edge has a bias green velvet band two inches wide, while the upper part is sewed down twice in revers pleats that form a puff. The long apron over-skirt of vigogne, corded on the edge with velvet, has the front breadth buttoned down each seam by large buttons in velvet-bound button-holes; it has two narrow side gores and a full back breadth, is draped high by a green velvet bow on the left, and hangs long on the left. The English basque of cashmere, corded with green velvet, has silk sleeves with velvet cuffs, and a velvet Medicis collar. An extra garment worn over this is a sleeveless loose jacket, quite long, with a pointed velvet hood, side pockets, and a breast pocket.

Buying Mirrors.

The total disregard of many of our people to the fitness of things is in no respect so clearly manifested as in the purchase of mirrors. One kind is true in its reflection, the two others are exaggerative. Of the exaggerative one unduly expands the figure, and the other unduly elongates it. Hundreds of mirrors are bought every day without reference to this fact. You will find short, squatty people with mirrors that make them look still shorter and more squatty; and thin, gaunt people with looking-glasses that pare them down fully one-half. And thus, through carelessness and indifference the seeds of dissatisfaction and distrust are sown, and many happy homes are broken up, to scatter their broken-hearted contents upon the world. People with square, expansive faces should select elongating mirrors, and those who are long and thin-faced should get those which will expand them. Self-opinion is stronger than anything else, and when our own glass assures us that we look well, it is nothing whatever what other people may think. You know that yourself.

A Story of Mesmerism.

The following we find in a Lowell (Mass.) paper: "A somewhat remarkable case of mesmeric influence occurred recently as the result of an experiment made by Prof. Cadwell. He selected two female subjects at his performance in the evening, whom he obtained permission to influence in any reasonable and proper manner, and to keep one of them, who worked in the mill, out half a day for a mesmeric demonstration not specified to them. While under his influence that evening, he made them believe that they were picking grapes, and, after they had finished picking an imaginary large quantity, he handed each a slip of paper, one of which, he said, was a check for $30, and the other for $25. He told them to go to the First National Bank at 10:30 o'clock the next forenoon and get the money on the checks, but that if the cashier refused to honor the checks to present them to Mayor Jewett, and he would pay the amount named on them. After these instructions were given them their minds were immediately afterward diverted to another subject, and the mesmeric influence was then thrown off. And now to the sequel of the affair. The two subjects, according to their husbands, were apparently as much influenced as ever up to about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when a change was perceptible. One of them then called at the residence of the other, and the two passed out. The husband of one followed them, and they went to the First National Bank. Mr. Allen, the Cashier, had previously been informed by Prof. Cadwell of the prospective visit, and the former was prepared to receive them. They presented their bits of paper and demanded the money on them. Mr. Allen said that he had no money to answer the checks, when they responded substantially that it must be a poor bank that couldn't pay checks to the amount of $55. They then passed out, and up to the Mayor's office, going immediately in and presenting the checks to the Mayor, who was not in the secret, and who at first was quite indignant at the imperative manner in which they demanded $55 on the bits of paper in their hands. They were anything but complimentary to the Mayor in their remarks when he said that he could not see that the bits of paper were checks, and one of them put her spectacles over his nose, then asking him if he could see. Prof. Cadwell put his head in at the Mayor's office door as that official was ordering them out to avoid an arrest, and the fact that the two women were under mesmeric influence was then made apparent to his Honor. By this time Dr. J. C. Ayer and several city officials had entered the room, and several experiments were made, showing that the subjects were completely under a mesmeric influence. They could not see Prof. Cadwell, or feel his pulling of their ears, but when Dr. Ayer pulled these organs they were immediately cognizant of the fact, and scolded him emphatically for the liberties taken. In a few minutes afterward Prof. Cadwell snapped his forefinger and thumb, at the same time saying 'all right,' and the influence passed off. They instantly sank down upon the sofa in the room, one of them crying bitterly at first, and both evidently being much ashamed. They were both perfectly unconscious of what had taken place since they left their homes. A more surprising case of control under mesmeric influence is seldom made public."

The Centennial.

The President of the United States sent the following message to Congress relative to the Centennial:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I have the honor herewith to submit the report of the Centennial Commissioners, and to add a word in the way of recommendation.

There have now been International Expositions held by three of the great Powers of Europe. It seems fitting that the one hundredth anniversary of our independence should be marked by an event that will display to the world the growth and progress of a nation devoted to freedom and to the pursuit of fame, fortune, and honors by the lowest citizen as well as the highest. A failure in this enterprise would be deplorable. Success can be assured by arousing public opinion to the importance of the occassion. To secure this end, in my judgment, Congressional legislation is necessary to make the Exposition both national and international. The benefits to be derived from a successful international exposition are manifold. It will necessarily be accompanied by expenses beyond the receipts from the Exposition itself, but they will be compensated for many fold by the commingling of people from all sections of our country, by bringing together the people of different nationalities, by bringing into juxtaposition for ready examination our own and foreign skill and progress in manufactures, agriculture, art, science, and civilization.

The selection of the site for the Exposition seems to me appropriate, from the fact that 100 years before the date fixed for the Exposition, the Declaration of Independence, which launched us into the galaxy of nations as an independent people, emanated from the same spot. We have much in our varied climate, soil, universal products, and skill of which advantage can be taken by other nationalities to their profit. In return, they will bring to our shores works of their skill and familiarize our people with them to the mutual advantage of all parties. Let us have a complete success of our Centennial Exposition, or suppress it in its infancy, acknowledge our inability to give it the international character to which our self-esteem aspires.

U. S. GRANT.

Executive Mansion, Feb. 25, 1873.

A horse left uncovered when not in exercise will soon grow a long coat of coarse hair. This becomes a hindrance to rapid motion, and should be prevented by judicious blanketing.

Items of Interest.

Is taking a hack the first stage of consumption?

The population of France decreased 1 per cent. last year.

Many valuable horses have died of lung fever in Lewiston, Me.

Of 908 births in Hartford in one year, 702 were of Irish parentage.

The liquor dealers call the women's movement a sugar-coated pill.

A hog has been trained for hunting purposes by an English gentleman.

Harvard says that "enquire" is right, and Yale says it is "inquire."

"If we can't hear it ain't for lack of ears," as the ass said to the confield.

St. Louis, with envious malice, calls the national capital Whitewashington.

A Chinese plant which changes color three times a day has been sent to Paris.

The Catholics are said to be making many converts among the natives of India.

Three sisters own and operate a Maine flouring mill, and they are making money.

A dog acts as mail carrier over a twelve mile route in Minnesota, and he is always on time.

A modern writer has defined the "last word" to be the most dangerous of infernal machines.

Some vocalists take pride in exhibiting a fine falsetto voice; others in displaying fine false of teeth.

A talking man makes himself artificially deaf, being like the man in the steeple when the bell rings.

Dakota has been doing sums and finds that she has only three-eighths of a white man to an acre of land.

A newspaper in the oil regions bears the name of the *Daily Sand Pump*. Its editor should have lots of grit.

"Microscopes for two" are regularly called for with the cold ham and bolognas at Cincinnati restaurants.

The funeral expenses of men killed in the Hoosac Tunnel, and paid by the contractors, amounted to $10,000.

If the warfare of the papers be waged with very small jokes, it must be remembered that they're only wee-puns.

One thing, said an old toper, was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whisky one gets, nowadays.

A malicious person says that cotton sheets and newspaper sheets are alike in the respect that a great many people lie in them.

A man in Keokuk lately dropped dead while combing his hair, and yet there are people who will persist in the dangerous habit.

The Madisonville, Ky., *Times* gently reminds contributors that it is not necessary to quote every other word and italicize the rest.

A Master of the Kentucky Grange offers to marry members free of charge, thus dispensing with the services of clerical middle-men.

A Cincinnati journalist has been looking over the old laws of that State, and has found that every marriage for the last 51 years is illegal.

Chester Pike broke his leg in Concord, and was carried home. His wife was frightened, and in running to meet him fell over a dog, breaking her arm.

A young lady of spirit in Indiana was so disgusted with her young man for running at the sight of a ghost that she is making preparations to marry the ghost.

If you wish to live the life of a man, and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

A harness kept soft and pliable with good neat's-foot oil will last almost a lifetime. It is stronger, because slightly elastic, and will seldom wear off the hair.

Your horse's shoes will hold on longer if the clinches are not weakened by the file in finishing. Insist that the file does not touch the end of the nail where turned over.

It is averred that the reason American girls refuse to enter domestic service is that they object to anything approaching menial employment. What they seek is hy-menial.

The Parisian's love for black toilettes is on the increase. For street wear there is scarcely anything else to be seen, and for dinner and evening parties they are universally adopted.

It has been found possible to impart any desired perfume to honey, by allowing the bees free access to the box to be perfumed only while the flower, the odor of which is desired, is in full bloom.

One day a little girl, seeing in the last part of one of her Christmas books, that a sequel to it would soon be published, called out to a playmate, "O, Kitty! isn't this nice? My new book's got a squeel to it!"

Take everybody's advice and act upon it. This is the way to suit everybody. No matter about yourself. To wish to have a mind of your own is only an insidious form of selfishness. Boggs has tried pleasing everybody, and he wants others to try it, badly.

An ingenious wife in Des Moines cured her husband of snoring thus: She had a gutta-percha tube with two cup-shaped ends, one she puts over his nose and mouth, and the other over his ear. He consumes his own noise, as a stove does its own smoke, and wakes up instanter.

Daniel Webster once said to an aspiring but modest young lawyer, who expressed his apprehension that the profession was over-crowded: "My young friend, there is always plenty of room at the top"—a wise observation, which applies to all professions and all sorts of business.

China is offered an outlet for its surplus population, and, notwithstanding its teeming millions, the supply is likely to be exhausted before the demand. It is proposed to build the Canadian Pacific Railroad with Chinese labor. The average temperature is about thirty degrees below zero.